



BAM!!!!



👁 97 ✓ 20 ★ 17

Chapter 1 by invisblebird

BAM!!!! The world fades to black.

Chapter 2 by LuxCh3rry



.. Then white... then green... Then pink... then- Hang on a sec.. Pink and green?!

"CUT!!!!" I sighed, the Lighting was broken again...

Chapter 3 by Cora Aquila



"THAT'S NOT HOW YOU MAKE A SUNRISE!" I yelled in my megaphone. Really, I'm not that furious, it's just that I love using this damn thing. "WHERE'S JEREMY?"

Jeremy is the lighting guy, an incompetent one for that matter. It's true, he's fucked up 666 (yes, it's an exact count, based on serious statistics) scenes in the last couple of days. But you can't very well fire the son of Satan, can you?

Chapter 4 by Xxxjqcob123



"Where is Jeremy?" I yell as the sound echoed throughout the studio "Go check the lighting booth". A minute later, Tom the camera man rushed back down to the set screaming "Jeremy's dead, Jeremy's dead!!!"

Chapter 5 by Ian



They say that the devil has a wicked sense of humor. But I could be more wicked than calling me Jeremy?

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could be humiliated in front of millions was me. I also did dog shows, daytime chat shows and game shows where the host builds up the greed to the max and then watches the green eyed frantic contestant walk away with nothing more than a perspex trophy and a patronising apology.

I'd been helping out with making politics more interesting by encouraging the producers to give more airtime to the isolationists, the fascists, the survivalists, the militant vegans, the gun freaks and the just plain batshit crazy. It's no wonder I was struggling to do the day job.

I could clearly see the future of the media industry, But the one thing I never saw coming was Brenda in finance.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



We were romping under the circuit breakers... catwalk number nine last week when she blurted out those three words we all hate to hear.

"I need space."

Hate them, because they mean nothing. They reveal nothing, they shed no light into what is going on in the other.

"I need to breathe."

More insistent. But still no detail.

And so I let her go. I watched her one last time as she fluffed her air and ambled off toward the service lift on the set, disappearing from my life. I was the devil, but I couldn't read minds. I was the devil, but I had needs, too.

Three days passed and I couldn't shake that woman from my mind. She had a hold on me. So I did the only thing I knew to do. I decided to make a deal with her. One she couldn't possibly refuse.

I left it by text message.

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"Brenda, I don't want you

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I time and I will trade you the soul of the studio's general manager, Fritz Katoniki. He will be yours to rule. He will serve

you on unseen leash." For I owned his soul already.

She met me on the set. Big shoot the next day. I was prepping a sunrise. The kind that makes your hair stand up on end and then just quaver for a time. Beautiful thing, lighting.

She looked different. But she offered me her hand, and then with the other unzipped her dress from behind.

Chapter 7 by Mamacom



I could sense that something was weird from the start. She was colder than in our past encounters, more in control. This threw me off, but I had what I wanted, so, shaking, I helped her unzip, and watched her assume the position. Neither of us spoke a word, this was not going to be an emotional affair. And I realised at that moment that I'd lost Brenda forever...for her this was a purely transactional affair, and I was just another entry in one of her fucking spreadsheets.

I turned into a flaccid, helpless wreck. With no help, no encouragement and nothing more than a bored look from her, I realised, half-crazed with frustrated lust, that she possessed me, pathetic devil that I am. But the one thing a devil knows how to do is deal with irony. I invented that evil tool, remember, to humiliate and discourage, and I'd be damned if I'd let it be used against me! Raging again inside, my blood started to boil, coursing and pumping through my veins. I decided that Brenda would have to pay the ultimate price for Katczinski's soul.

I picked up one of the sound cables, and delicately tied her hands behind her back - she offered no resistance, at first, and only a little when I gagged her. Let the show begin, I thought, I'll show her who's in control!

First for a dramatic intro: fade to black.

Now thrust!

First white,

then green,

then pink.

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Harder and faster, the chair creaks, the gradual expression of dread spreading across her face. The sweat beading at her temples, on her neck. Is that

excitement or fear? She might as well enjoy it, now that she senses the end is nigh!

CUT!!! I heard that idiot director scream - what a nice idea...

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